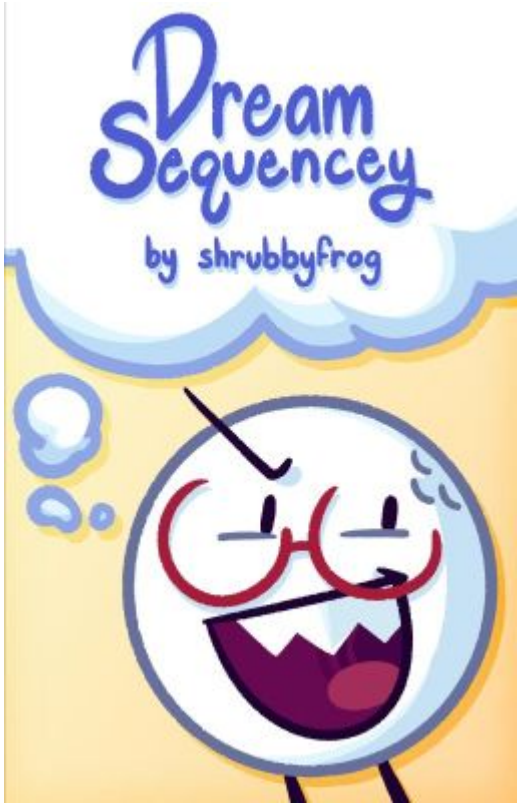
Dream Sequencey
by shrubbyfrog

Knife Legs

Within a rather plain-looking room were two spherical objects: a small, hard golf ball and a large, fuzzy tennis ball. In a surprisingly comfortable chair sat the larger of the two as he curiously looked around the room. He looked towards the golf ball sitting across from him. She was turned away, silently reading through some documents she had set on the table next to her. Other than that and his chair, though, the room was completely empty. Some cheap carpeting was spread across the floor, and the walls were painted a rather unappealing yellow-ish beige. The only light in the room came from an old ceiling fan--one with a non-functioning fan, at that.

The room was uncomfortably quiet, with the only sounds to break the dead silence being the rustling of paper every so often. Tennis Ball wasn't even entirely sure what the point of him being there was, which made the silence all the more awkward.

"So..." the green ball began, in an attempt to break the stillness in the room, "What exactly is this all about?"

Golf Ball immediately jumped up in her seat, setting down the paper she had in tandem. She took a moment to adjust her glasses before turning towards Tennis Ball, who was now looking right at her. Tennis Ball was puzzled by the expression she now wore on her face; she seemed rather perplexed.

"DID I NOT ALREADY EXPLAIN?" she asked. Her green friend simply shook his head in response. She glanced to the side for a moment before returning her attention back to Tennis Ball. "I SEE... THEN I SUPPOSE I SHALL DO SO!"

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TODAY FOR ONE SIMPLE REASON: YOUR DREAMS," Golf Ball began, a smile forming on her face. "I'VE RECENTLY GROWN INTERESTED IN THE CONCEPT OF DREAMS CONTAINING A DEEPER MEANING THAN WHAT MEETS THE EYE.

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT, BEING MANIFESTATIONS OF ONE'S OWN EMOTIONS AND EXPERIENCES, SYMBOLS IN DREAMS CAN IMPLICATE CERTAIN MEANINGS THAT ONE MIGHT NOT BE AWARE OF UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES."

Hopping down from her seat, she began pacing around the room as she continued, "HOWEVER, MOST ANALYSIS REGARDING THIS ONLY EXTENDS TO NIGHTMARES OR MORE ABSTRACT DREAMS, AND DOES NOT TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION DREAMS OF THE 'SILLY' OR MUNDANE VARIETIES... WHICH IS WHAT THIS IS FOR!"

Tennis Ball glanced around the room once more, as prompted by his friend's exclamation, before returning his attention back to her. "So, you're wanting to prove that *any* dream can have meaning?" he queried.

"PRECISELY!" Golf Ball affirmed, standing proudly. Hopping back up onto her chair, she turned her attention back toward her fuzzy green friend. "I INTEND TO INVITE EVERYONE DOWN HERE MULTIPLE TIMES OVER THE COURSE OF SEVERAL WEEKS IN ORDER TO GATHER DATA ABOUT THEIR DREAMS, AND I FIGURED YOU WERE THE BEST PLACE TO START!"

A grin grew on Tennis Ball's face; it was always nice seeing her explore new concepts so passionately. Wanting to encourage her intrigue in this subject, he was fully on-board with helping her collect this data. "So what can do?"

"I JUST NEED YOU TO RECOUNT ANY RECENT DREAM YOU'VE HAD TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY! I'LL WRITE IT DOWN AND WILL BE ABLE TO EXAMINE IT FROM THERE."

"Oh, alright! Hmm..." Tennis Ball thought for a moment. "Oh! A couple nights ago I had a dream about you!"

"OH?" Golf Ball pulled a notepad and a pencil from the table, positioning herself in such a way that allowed herself to write while also being able to remain comfortably seated. "WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?"

"Well," he began, "it was kind of weird, actually! In the dream I had

surgically replaced your legs with knives! You seemed to enjoy it a lot though; you were running around and swinging them a lot. You were even chasing around the others and laughing a lot. It seemed like you were having fun with it!"

Golf Ball, who was still seated and writing down the details as her friend recalled them, had a peculiar twinkle in her eye. Her brows were furrowed as she intensely stared down her notepad. Without pulling her eyes away, she asked, "IS THAT EVERYTHING?"

"Umm... Basically, yeah. As far as I can recall, anyway!" Tennis Ball responded. He raised a brow once he noticed the smaller object's strange expression. "Is everything okay?"

There was a long moment of pause as Golf Ball continued to stare at her notepad, eyes locked on the words scribbled onto it. After a few moments, she placed her pad and pencil onto the table and hopped to the floor. Turning her gaze towards Tennis Ball, she approached him, the intensity in her eyes remaining constant.

"KNIFE LEGS... WOULD BE REALLY COOL."

It took a moment for Tennis Ball to process what she had said, but when he did, he let out an amused chuckle. "It looks like real life Golf Ball enjoys it too!"

Even the little ball herself cracked a little giggle before whipping around and making her way back to the chair, a small smile on her face. She briefly went back through the few notes she had written before turning back towards Tennis Ball.

"I APPRECIATE YOUR PARTICIPATION, TB!" she thanked, her voice tinged with excitement and enthusiasm. "I LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING MORE."

"Of course!" Tennis Ball exclaimed, returning a smile. He then saw himself out in order to allow his friend a chance to do what she needs to next.

* * * * * *

(Week 1 - February 5-7, 2020)

(based off of an actual dream i had!)

my second BFDI fanfic wowie !!! hopefully this turned out okay!! i wanted to try something new, writing-wise; something that isn't just sad or dark and something without an overarching plot!! i'm gonna try and write a new part every week as a fun little writing exercise too!!

i hope you enjoy this!!! hopefully i'll have more next week :]

Milk

ARE *YOU* PREPARED FOR THE TASTE SENSATION OF A LIFETIME?

Present in a very dark room is the faint figure of a bottle, sitting against a soft white glow to distinguish it from the environment.

WILL *YOU* BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE CALCIUM-ENRICHED CREAMINESS OF THIS DELECTABLE DAIRY DELIGHT?

The bottle begins to slowly spin and draw closer into view, the glow behind it growing brighter and brighter. The closer the bottle gets, the more basic features are able to be made out, such as what appear to be arms and legs.

IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES...

The bottle is now close within view, no longer spinning; the light bright enough to illuminate most of the room. A face can be seen on the forward-facing end of the bottle, both eyes shut and brows ever so slightly furrowed. Wrapped around the bottle is a large cape, and on the bottle's front is a pentagonal-shaped decal. The cape's obfuscation of the light passing through the bottle's body makes the decal's details impossible to make out.

... THEN YOU, TOO, CAN BECOME THE DAIRY DARLING OF THE WORLD!

The glow grows so much that the room becomes pure white, and its contents are entirely illuminated. The bottle's eyes open, and the now lit room reveals the decal to be a "B" insignia. Bottle smirks before quickly springing from her seated position and flying up into the air off-screen, cape flapping in the wind.

DRINK OUR NEW GOIKY FARMS®□ BOTTLED MILK™□ FOR A

BOOST IN STRENGTH, POWER, AND ENERGY!

Out of nowhere, a giant pepper monster begins to attack a city! It's spraying beams of hot and spiciness everywhere; objects are running in terror! Local Tree is trying to flee when he finds himself caught directly in the path of the monster.

"Don't worry," Bottle shouts out to him, catching wind of his state of peril. "I'll help you!"

She quickly zooms down and tosses him a bottle of Goiky Farms®□ Bottled Milk™□. He hurriedly catches it and takes a swig. Within a flash of light, he too dons a cape and an insignia of his own. He and Bottle then tag team and fly up towards the monster, simultaneously punching it right in the jaw and sending it flying into the exosphere.

The two land together, hands held triumphantly as a crowd of citizens around them cheers. Tree releases Bottle's hand, his cape and insignia now gone.

"Thank you so much, Bottle! I don't know what I would have done without you or your Goiky Farms®□ Bottled Milk™□!" Tree thanks, a grateful smile on his face.

"All in the day's work!" Bottle proudly responds. She then turns towards the camera, a bottle of Goiky Farms®□ Bottled Milk™□ in-hand. With a wink and a grin, she says, "Make sure to drink at least 10 bottles of Goiky Farms®□ Bottled Milk™□ a day, so you, too, can prevent death and create trust!"

...

"THERE'S... QUITE A LOT ABOUT MILK IN THIS DREAM." Golf Ball noted, eyebrow raised. "HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING IT LATELY OR SOMETHING?"

"Haha, no!" Bottle responded, as cheerful as always. "I don't even like milk!"

"I SEE..." Golf Ball commented curiously, continuing to write away at her notebook.

* * * * * *

(Week 2 - February 9-11, 2020)

this turned out about a little over half as long as the first chapter — oops. this one was really fun to write tho!!!!!! here's to week 3 and the next one hopefully being longer !!!! >:)

Secret Admiree

"So, what am I hoire for agoin?" asked a bubble who was anxiously seated in Golf Ball's incredibly plain room. As she twiddled her fingers and looked about, Golf Ball was up on her chair looking through her documents.

"ONCE I CAN FIND YOUR FILE..." GB turned towards Bubble, giving the best friendly smile she could manage. "I'LL JUST NEED TO HEAR ABOUT ANY DREAM YOU'VE HAD RECENTLY!"

Despite being soothed by her friendly demeanour, Bubble couldn't help but grow more visibly nervous at the mention of dreams.

"O-oh... W-well, Oi'm not so good at r-remoimbering thoings..."

"ANY INFORMATION WILL BE USEFUL." Golf Ball noted, once again turned away and sorting through her documents.

"Ah, well... Oi do remoimber o-one droim, but—"

"THEN!" the small dimpled ball was now turned towards Bubble, face lit up as she now had her trusty notepad in-foot. "LET'S BEGIN!"

Bubble blinked, a tad startled by the sudden interjection. She furrowed her brows and lowered her face a bit. As nervous as she was, she still wanted to help someone she considered a friend. "O-okay..."

After a moment of gathering herself, the soap bubble began to think, trying her best to remember this aforementioned dream.

"Well..."

...

It was a chilly, gloomy morning. Grey clouds obscured what would otherwise be bright and cheerful skies, leaving only a melancholy

atmosphere to waft through the air. Inside of a lone cottage at the end of a wooded path sat a bubble, a delicate spherical entity made up of a fine film of soap. She was seated next to a window along the front end of the cottage, eyes fixed on a small piece of paper laid on a quaint wooden desk. The cold, dim light shining through the window gently illuminated the words written upon the page. Word-by-word, Bubble's thoughts and emotions gracefully dripped onto the page. At this moment, she felt no concern beyond being able to release her emotions onto this very sheet of paper; and so, she wrote.

Her handwriting was indeed quite beautiful, one certainly fitting for the elegant language ladening the page. Bubble sought to express her feelings for a certain *someone*, and she found the best outlet to be through a letter, one capable of bearing the heart and genuity that spoken words typically do. She wasn't particularly the greatest at expressing intricate thoughts through speech, and especially not on the spot. The pressure of feeling like she *had* to say something often times results in her never being able to properly express what's on her mind. With written word, however, time almost ceases to exist as she's able to dedicate as much time as she needs in order to articulate her thoughts *perfectly*. For whom these words would be addressed, being able to properly express the feelings that swelled in her heart was so very important to her. She feared portraying the wrong tone or meaning, even for the smallest thing, could be disastrous.

Bubble had spent a solid few hours writing and reading over her words, making small revisions as she saw fit. The end result was a small handful of pages, all detailing her complicated feelings towards this special someone. Even making what she felt was a near perfect letter, there was still a tinge of anxiety coursing through her. Even with the greatest first impression and the best articulation she could muster, there was always the chance that this someone didn't reciprocate these feelings, and would thusly reject her. Certainly anyone would be scared of such, it's only natural, however she cared and respected greatly this someone. As worried about her confession as she was, she had no issue respecting their wishes and comforts, regardless of what they may be.

Letting in a deep breath, Bubble carefully lifted the sheets into her hands and gently secured them in her grip. She stood them up on

their ends and tapped them against the desk, allowing the papers to cleanly align with each other. After straightening her stack, she snipped two translucent blue ribbons from a spool placed at her side. Gently, she wrapped both ribbons around the sheets, one along its length, and the other its width. She then secured the ribbons by placing a circular sticker across their intersection on the unwritten end of the stack.

It was time—she had already come this far, there was no turning back now. Pulling herself from her seat, Bubble headed over to the door only a few feet away. The old wooden door let out a slight creak as she hesitantly placed her hand upon its knob. It seemed the closer her goal drew, the more anxious she became. It was as if reality was beginning to set in more and more with every step she took. Taking in a deep breath once more, she took a moment to regain her composure before she finally brought herself to turn the knob. The door slowly opened, the only sound that could be heard being its sheer creak.

Stretching straight from Bubble's doorstep was a long, long dirt path, at the very end lying the home of this very special someone. Surrounding their homes and spanning the length of the pathway was a very dense pine tree forest, made up of conifers that were miles and miles tall. Bubble was dwarfed by the forest's intense gaze as its trees towered over her, sending a sense of unease through her. She looked forward into the distance, staring at her destination from afar. Her metaphorical stomach churned as her grip on the letter tightened ever so slightly, her body growing tense. Her anxieties continued to grow as she then began to step onto the dirt path. Following the first step was the second, and then the third, and she soon found herself making her way down the long path. The light and fluttery feeling that had been in her heart now felt heavy and apprehensive. Her feelings for this someone certainly hadn't left her, but with those feelings now came a worry that she couldn't seem to shake, and it only seemed like it grew stronger and stronger with every step she made. Nevertheless, however, she continued onward...

... And onward...

... And onward...

... And she kept walking, and she didn't stop.

It felt like she had been walking for hours and hours; her legs were beginning to grow weary and her anxieties almost overbearing. She had been keeping her eyes fixated on the ground below her, trying to focus on each individual grain and pebble that caught her eye in an attempt to distract from the horrible feeling in her gut. Once it had eventually dawned on her how long it had been though, she blinked and looked up toward the house. It still laid far in the distance, about as far as it had been initially, if not farther. Confused, she glanced behind her. Her cottage was so far out of sight it couldn't even be seen anymore; all that remained visible were the many trees littering the forest.

The feeling that had been growing within her only grew even stronger when she realized she hadn't made any real progress. Not only this, but her cottage was nowhere near in sight now. Bubble was incredibly confused and concerned. She turned back towards the house ahead of her; it now seemed *even farther*. Her anxiety was beginning to turn into a full-on panic; she had no idea what was happening. Glancing towards the trees, she noticed they had begun to grow, and continued to grow before her very eyes. They wouldn't stop. Looking once more down the path, the house was no longer present, leaving behind only a pathway that faded into the distant trees. Surrounding her now was nothing but what seemed like an infinite expanse of dirt pathway and an ever-growing pine forest. She was terrified; it all felt so suffocating.

In her flurry of emotions, she hadn't even realized she'd lost grip of her letter. Before she knew it, a gust of wind shot by, blowing her letter down the pathway. Bubble's eyes shot towards the papers as the ribbons became undone in the wind, causing her sheets to fly off individually.

"**Noio!**"

In a panic, she darted after the papers, completely disregarding what had just happened. She needed that letter! The farther she ran, the stronger the wind seemed to blow, and it just wouldn't relent. This chase went on for several minutes it seemed like, until a loud noise could be heard. The papers and ribbons had collided with a solid

surface and were now pinned to it by the wind. Finally able to catch up, Bubble rested her hands on her knees in an attempt to catch her breath. Before she was able to fully regain herself, however, a door opened... The door the pages had collided with. As it opened, the wind died down, and they all fell to the ground.

Bubble finally looked up, her eyes widening at the sight in front of her. Her certain special someone was reading through the letter that had flown to their doorstep.

"W-wait! O-oi can exploin!!!" Bubble exclaimed, scrambling to get up and retrieve the papers.

The special someone looked towards her for a moment before giving her a familiar smile. Bubble stopped in her tracks at this, her face growing flush. The special someone then opened their mouth to respond.

"I—"

...

...

"IS EVERYTHING OKAY?" Golf Ball asked, Bubble having suddenly gone silent. The bubble was now looking towards the ground, trying to avoid any eye contact. She grew a bright red as the pinks and reds in her soapy body accumulated around her face. "B-BUBBLE?"

Hearing her name, she jumped and looked up towards the small dimpled ball, as if she had just been broken out of a trance. "O-oh, s-soirry!"

"WHAT WERE THEY GOING TO SAY NEXT? WHO EVEN WERE THEY?" As Golf Ball spoke, Bubble's eyes widened a bit as her face grew an even deeper red.

"O-oi... Y-you knoio..." she stammered--a lot--as she tried to find her words. "B-Boibbles aren't the... B-best at... Um... Remoimbering things! A-and uhm... I can't remoimber." Bubble grinned as she chuckled nervously.

Golf Ball cocked an eyebrow; Bubble was clearly lying through her teeth. She, of course, didn't buy it for a moment, but she wasn't going to force it.

"IF... YOU SAY SO."

"Haha, so um, yeah! O-oi'm just g-goinna... Go. Oi hope Oi w-was oible to h-hoilp! B-boiye!" Before Golf Ball even had a chance to respond, Bubble dashed out of the room, her hands covering her face. The little ball blinked, not quite sure what to make of what had just happened.

Clearing her throat and adjusting her glasses, she looked down to her notepad. This was certainly one of the more intricate dreams Golf Ball had heard since she began these experiments; she was quite impressed, actually. Most objects aren't able to recall their lengthier dreams very well, especially to this degree. It was a shame she wasn't able to hear who that mystery person was, though. It'd certainly be a very significant detail in regards to analyzing her dream. She wasn't too awfully concerned about it, however, as she figured she'd be able to figure out that mystery eventually. Besides, the amount of data she had gotten was plenty satisfactory. With that, she got to re-filing Bubble's paperwork in preparation for the next object to enter her room.

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(Week 3 - February 18-21, 2020)

i almost didnt get this written in time sdghklsemls but!!! i said this chapter would be longer, and so it is! it is in fact over twice as long as the first chapter, and longer than the first two chapters combined. i apologize for the extremely large paragraphs, i just really got into this one!!!! i'm certain this won't be the last time we see bubble either B)

the next chapter's gonna be funny, i think, hopefully..... we'll see !!!!

Dream Journalism

One month in, things were starting to get rather samey for Golf Ball. She'd been dedicating herself to this project very passionately, but at this stage it was starting to grow tiring and, to an extent, frustrating. She didn't yet feel as if she had collected enough data to draw any definitive conclusions, however. Tennis Ball readily disagreed with that notion, though likely only out of concern for her health. Golf Ball, though, knew how complex an analysis of one's mind could be, and knew from the start how much of a commitment this project would be. That being said, she still couldn't help but feel *bored* with it. There's been some rather fun and wacky dreams she's gotten to hear about, but it's almost started to become predictable, and even analyzing what she's noted at the end of the day has grown rather mundane. Even still, however, she kept at it. She was stubborn, and she was dedicated, and she wasn't going to give up now.

In fact, Golf Ball couldn't help but feel a tinge of excitement as she awaited her first client for the day. Despite having gone through this process for four weeks now, this would be the first time they participated in the experiment. G.B. wasn't quite sure what made them change their mind so readily, given how much they insisted on not wanting to get involved, but the little ball certainly wouldn't complain. The oh-so elusive Book was one that piqued the scientist's interests. Each and every single object has properties unique to them just by nature of being *objects*, and Book was many of whom with properties that were entirely unknown. The aspect of learning about the inner workings of an object as unique as her interested Golf Ball greatly, and to have her involved in a project that deals with one's mind was the perfect opportunity to explore that interest.

Golf Ball didn't have to wait for very long before the gentle creak of the door silenced the quiet in the room. Turning towards it, Golf Ball spotted the object of the hour standing right within the doorway: Book.

"I'm assuming this is the right place?"

"YOU WOULD BE CORRECT! PLEASE, HAVE A SEAT." Golf Ball gestured toward the couch chair in the center of the room. Book tentatively made her way over, taking a seat as instructed.

The two-toned object glanced around the room, taking in its astonishing blandness. The environment was almost scary to her; it felt more befitting of an interrogation room than one meant for scientific interview.

"So..." she looked back towards Golf Ball, who was quickly setting aside a stack of sheets. "How exactly is this supposed to work?"

"HM?" G.B. glanced over towards Book. "OH. YOU DON'T KNOW?"

"Well, I know what the study is about at least, but I don't know what I'm supposed to do."

"JUST GIVE ME A MOMENT."

"Alright..."

A moment was given, and Golf Ball was then ready to proceed. Equipped with her glasses and trusty notepad, she sat perched on her chair facing towards her client. "ALRIGHT! ALL I NEED IS FOR YOU TO RECOUNT ANY OF YOUR DREAMS SO THAT IT CAN BE RECORDED FOR LATER ANALYSIS."

"Oh! That's simple enough... but I won't need to *tell* you anything!" Gesturing towards her inner pages, Book continued, "I *am* a dream journal, after all!"

"O-OH!" G.B. was rather taken aback by this; she wasn't expecting it at all. "AHEM... ARE YOU IMPLYING I LOOK INTO YOUR PAGES?"

"Yup!" Book answered enthusiastically, to which Golf Ball raised a brow.

"A-ARE YOU SURE? THAT SEEMS AWFULLY INVASIVE."

"Positively! There's a lot of dreams recorded in me that I couldn't

possibly retell; it'd take far too long! Besides, I have some control over what I can show."

"I SEE..."

"Don't worry about it! It's for study anyway! I have no problem with it."

Suspicion coursed through Golf Ball as she took a moment to think. Perhaps she just had a poor grip on Book's character, but it seemed awfully strange to her how readily Book was willing to open herself up into a such a seemingly vulnerable state like that, especially given how impersonal of an environment they were in. She didn't know her very well, however--perhaps it was just part of Book's nature to be open like that. Regardless, she gave the explicit okay to take a look through her text, and Golf Ball certainly wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to learn more about the mysteries surrounding her and her dreams.

The scientist hopped onto the floor, carrying her notepad on her head, and headed over towards Book. The two-toned object flipped herself open as she drew closer, displaying paragraphs upon paragraphs of dreams etched into her pages. There was a twinkle in Golf Ball's eye as she took in the sheer amount of material she was given to work with. This was absolutely *perfect*! There are so many things and scenarios that could be documented here, and if nothing else, analyzing these texts at the end of the day may certainly help distract her from the mind-numbing monotony of her experiment. Without hesitation, Golf Ball began to copy down what all was written upon Book's pages. She wasn't particularly paying attention to what it was that she was writing, and was only concerned with getting it onto paper as swiftly and efficiently as possible. She'd be able to look it all over later, anyway.

Given just how much there was, it had taken nearly 30 minutes to exhaust what Book was willing to provide. Golf Ball was absolutely elated, even if she wasn't shown nearly everything that Book had. This was more material she had gotten to work with in a single session than she'd normally get in a couple days worth of sessions combined.

"Will that work?" Book asked as she stood up and began to stretch.

"VERY MUCH SO! THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION!" Golf Ball responded, trying to hold back a large grin from forming on her face. Quickly flipping through her notes, Golf Ball figured there was enough here that she wouldn't even have to conduct any more sessions for the rest of the day!

"Well, I'm glad I was able to help..!" Book then quickly made her way out of the room, not leaving any chance for further conversation. Golf Ball didn't think much of it though; she really didn't even notice. The small ball was lost in the excitement of the fulfilling session she had just had, and was quite eager to dive head-first into the text scribbled within her notes.

...

...

...

Knock knock knock!

"Golf Ball, it's been over five hours already! What on Earth have you been doing in there?" The muffled voice of Tennis Ball rang through the door to Golf Ball's study. Golf Ball had retired for the day prematurely and went straight to coop herself up in that small room, all without saying a single word to T.B. before doing so. He'd been coming by every so often to check on her, but never received any response. He only knew she was still alive from the occasional rustling of paper and scrambling of feet. The green sports ball had no idea what she was doing in there, but he trusted that the strange behaviour was simply just her being invested in her work and opted to give her the space she desired. He still couldn't help but worry though. What could possibly have happened to result in *this*? They *were* just dreams, after all. Sure she'd spend plenty of time analyzing what she'd written down, but only for a few hours at most. She'd always invited Tennis Ball to join in, as well, but clearly she hadn't this time around.

Just as he was about to walk off to give her some more time, he

heard a voice sound out through the door. "T.B., GET IN HERE. YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS." The sound of the door unlocking could be heard immediately following this.

Curious, Tennis Ball cautiously entered the study. A large table could be seen in the center of the room entirely covered in the notes from Golf Ball's earlier session. Additional notes were pinned to a board hanging on a nearby wall. Golf Ball could be seen standing on a rather tall chair, looking down at the notes scattered about the table. As the larger of the two approached, G.B. did not divert her attention.

"So, um, Golf Ball? What exactly is *this*?" Tennis Ball asked warily. "I thought you were analyzing dreams?"

"Oh, I am," Golf Ball answered. "and interesting ones at that. Take a look at this." She then gestured towards a note placed close to her.

Tennis Ball leaned over and read through it, mumbling the words to himself as he did so. The more he read, the more his expression morphed into one of surprise. He wasn't quite sure what to make of it, really, but he certainly wasn't expecting something of that nature. "Are you sure that's a dream, Golf Ball? Who's even *is* that?"

"It came from Book." Golf Ball answered bluntly. "I still have no idea what it means... I have no idea what *any* of these dreams mean, for that matter. There isn't an obvious connecting between *any* of them, and *especially* that one."

"Do you think we should... Talk to her about it?" Tennis Ball suggested, although tentatively.

"No. Not yet, anyway. This is something I want to look more into myself, first."

"Alright... " A silence fell upon the room for a few moments. Golf Ball still hadn't diverted her attention away from the notes, and Tennis Ball wasn't really sure what to say now. "Um... Do you need any help with all of this?"

It took his small friend a moment before she finally answered.

Climbing down the chair and setting her specs aside, she began to make her way out of the room. "No. I think I just need a break."

Tennis Ball watched as she walked by, nodding in response to her answer. He then proceeded to follow her out of the room, shutting off the lights as he shut the door behind him.

* * * * * *

i apologize for both this chapter being so late and for not getting a new chapter out at the promised date. all motivation to continue at the time was just sucked out of me, and i didn't like where the chapter i was writing at the time was going. the schedule i imposed on myself also very quickly grew stressful and un-maintainable.

basically what i learned is that tight, self-imposed schedules are impossible for me to keep up with. so, instead of continuing to stress myself out more by promising further and further dates that i couldn't guarantee i'd meet, i decided to just. not force myself. i only decided to write this chapter when i got a good idea for it and how i wanted to handle it. i'm very happy with the result and i hope you are too!!!

i cant promise a regular schedule, and i cant guarantee there *will* be a regular schedule, but ill do my best to get a new chapter out when i can !!! definitely look forward to the next chapter <3!!!!!

[INTERMISSION] The Dream Sequencer

(NOTE: The Dream Sequencer is not a canon element of the story!)

Growing bored with the monotony of taking notes and looking through them one-by-one, Golf Ball developed an idea to help streamline the process. Thusly, the Dream Sequencer was born! It simply takes the description of a dream as an input, and it outputs an analysis that is 60% accurate 30% of the time!

Clients are starting to come in less and less, though. She needs a little help with her study. That's where you-yes **you**-come in!

If you would like to see your dream show up in a future chapter of Dream Sequencey, fill out the following form! Your dream can be as simplistic or as detailed as your heart desires.

https://forms.gle/5ChYBWMCGwyQQu9w7
(The link has also been posted in the comments of this part!)

Please keep in mind that dreams that are explicit in nature will not be included!

Deeper Desire

A gentle breeze brushed across the grassy planes while the clouds danced along with the wind. It was quiet. It was peaceful. Golf Ball found herself among the grass, lost in thought as she gazed up into the open sky. She had been so entranced by her own intrigues that she failed to notice the figure walking up beside her.

"Golf Ball?"

It was Tennis Ball. His familiar voice snapped her out of her trance as she glanced in his direction.

"What are you doing out here?" he proceeded to ask. "Your client's going to be here soon." Golf Ball merely looked back toward the sky. She furrowed her brows after a few moments and let out a frustrated grunt before she finally sat up. She struggled to articulate what it was that was on her mind.

She turned her gaze back toward Tennis Ball. "I cannot help but think about the dreams Book provided me. There is something about them..." She once again averted her gaze, clearly troubled by what she observed. "TB, do you remember when we encountered the ruins of the city archive?"

Tennis Ball seemed surprised by the question. "You mean... the one in Yoyle City?" he asked.

"Yes. The clippings we found... Do they not seem familiar to you?"

"There's no way Book could've gotten her hands on them though!"

"Precisely. *That* is what is bothering me."

Tennis Ball hummed. "Maybe you should head to the office for now-collect more dreams? It could help take your mind off it."

"But I cannot!" she exclaimed, almost desperately. "I *have* to figure out what this means! The potential implications here go way beyond any mere experiment!"

"Well... If *Book's* dreams are like this, there's a possibility others' might be as well, right?" Tennis Ball remarked. "Wouldn't that *also* be tantamount to your research?"

"I... Suppose." The smaller ball took a moment to ponder what he said. "Yes... Yes, I think you are right." With that, she didn't hesitate a moment longer; she pushed herself to her feet and began to make her way to the office. Golf Ball seemed anything but enthusiastic, though- it was clear Book's dreams were still weighing on her. Tennis Ball only hoped this pursuit of understanding wouldn't lead to even more trouble.

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As she approached the office, Golf Ball noticed someone already waiting by the door.

"It's about TIME you got here. I HATE waiting!" they exclaimed, a large scowl plastered on their face.

Golf Ball could only reply, "Oh, hello Fanny," as she unlocked the door and stepped inside. Fanny followed suit and went directly to the couch chair. She had participated in the experiment numerous times before, and so she was already familiar with the process... Down to even the minute she was scheduled to arrive, it seemed.

Grabbing her trusty notepad and pencil, Golf Ball climbed into her seat and turned her attention toward Fanny. "Alright, what do you have for me today?"

Fanny briefly closed her eyes, recollecting her last dream. As she did so, her expression seemed to mellow. Golf Ball took note of this. She finally opened her eyes and began to tell her story.

"I found myself in a room..."

...

I had a mission. I was looking for something, but I wasn't quite sure what it was. The room was decorated with a lot of regal-looking furniture and fixtures. It all looked new, and shiny, and eye-catching, but I didn't care for it. There was a red carpet that led to the only door I could see. The only thing I thought to do was follow it down and see what was on the other side. I thought it would bring me closer to finding what I was looking for.

"Did it?" Golf Ball interjected. Letting out a huff, Fanny closed her eyes again. After a brief pause, she continued.

On the other side of the door was another room. It looked equally regal, but the room's centerpiece was this massive staircase. The red carpet ran the length of the staircase, all the way to another door at the top. I didn't spend too long investigating the room. The handrails seemed pretty detailed, but the specifics are lost on me now.

When I started climbing the staircase, for a while it felt like I would never reach the top. It made me frustrated, and I started feeling desperate. I felt like I *had* to get to that door. I *had* to find what I was looking for! It was like the staircase was growing beneath my feet. I eventually made it to the top, but the door wasn't there anymore. It was replaced by a long hallway, with a row of doors on each side. It looked just like the previous room... Disgustingly wealthy. I HATE the rich!

I wasn't sure which direction to go this time. The carpet led to the end of the hallway, but there was nothing there. All I had were a bunch of fancy doors in front of me. I started looking through each door one-by-one. They all just led to identical looking bedrooms that were extremely over-furnished. The taste of whoever owned this place was starting to make me feel sick. I HATED the idea of staying there any longer than I had to. Not a single door led anywhere that would help me. It was all just rooms! I HATE ROOMS!!!

I got so mad that, without even thinking about it, I walked to the end of the hallway and kicked the wall as hard as I could. I ended up kicking straight through it and lost my balance. I fell through, and on the other side of the wall was another room. It looked nothing like the previous ones, though. It was like a giant greenhouse-it was *huge*. There were enormous plants *everywhere*, and they all seemed well

taken care of. It was hard not to be taken in by it all.

I took my time walking through the greenhouse. It was serene. At some point though, I noticed the plants had tags attached to them. It turned out they were price tags, and they were all at *outrageous* prices! That's when I started to hear chattering from up ahead. At the end of the greenhouse was a massive entrance, and a horde of objects was blocking the way! It seemed endless, but I was able to push through.

I ended up in a giant supermarket. It was *loud*. I noticed something moving through the crowd, heading for the store's exit. Even though I didn't know what it was, something told me it was what I'd been looking for. I tried to follow it, but I could barely make my way around the shoppers, especially with all the noise. It was so hard to focus; I felt overwhelmed, and I HATE being overwhelmed! I can't remember how I managed to make it, but I found my way to the exit. A set of massive automatic doors. I don't think I could describe just how *gigantic* they were. I couldn't see outside, either-all I could see through the glass was a white void.

When I walked up to the doors, they opened, and I was blinded. All I could see was white. On the other side though...

It was nothing but a field of grass, an open sky, and a gentle breeze. I left the store, and the instant I sat down, it was like it never even existed. It was just me, and the grass.

It was quiet. It was peaceful... and she showed up too...

I don't hate that at all...

...

Golf Ball couldn't help but notice the faint blush forming on Fanny's face as she looked toward the ground. "If you don't mind me asking... Who was *'she'*?" Golf Ball inquired.

Fanny kept her gaze averted. "What I was looking for," she responded quietly.

Golf Ball hummed in response, jotting this down. Though this dream

was quite in-line with her previous ones, Golf Ball still found it fascinating how much different her mind was from her outward demeanor.

"I don't have anything more to say." Fanny suddenly exclaimed. "I HATE sharing my dreams!" With that, she trotted out of the room. Golf Ball was startled by her sudden exit, but not at all surprised. She wondered why Fanny even bothered showing up half the time...

Golf Ball shrugged it off; she had the data she needed, anyway.

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Golf Ball was once again holed away in her study, notes and documents sprawled out over a large table. *Fanny...* Golf Ball looked back over Fanny's notes.

Her dreams continue to be softer in tone than she herself is. The dissonance is certainly intriguing. She seems to find great pleasure in the worlds built up in her head, and has shown a pattern of desire toward something more quaint, more... Personal. It is puzzling how much she seems to struggle with expressing herself to those around her, though. She bears a strong desire and yet does not pursue it. I cannot wrap my mind around this fallacy, but that is merely my subjective stance.

The themes in her latest dream are quite interesting, though. It is not something that has come up before. Fanny seems to express a great distaste for the elaborate and luxurious. It is unsurprising given what I have already observed, but it does support my pre-existing notions. She is certainly interesting, but I can appreciate that she is significantly more consistent than a good handful of my other subjects.

She glanced over at another stack of notes... ones which belonged to Book. Her face dropped.

Book, on the other hand... I still cannot make heads or tails of it. I could, perhaps...

No! It is as Tennis Ball said: I MUST collect more data! Though... I cannot help but feel doubts. It is certainly reasonable to surmise that the others may have relevant dreams, but...

Golf Ball sighed.

Book is... Unique. Her pages contain more information than even I can comprehend. She is not just a dream journal, but a dictionary, a tips and tricks book, and an encyclopedia... All at once! It stands to reason that her supposed 'dreams' are no coincidence. Though trying to ascertain the connection has been beyond frustrating, I must press on. I will get to the bottom of this, at any cost.

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Thank you guys so much for your enthusiasm and support for new Dream Sequencey content! It means a lot to me! Look forward to new chapters, fun stuff awaits!

The poll to send in your dreams will remain open indefinitely, so you will have plenty of opportunities for your dreams to be seen in the story! The next chapter will have the first user-submitted dream, so keep an eye out for that!

Side note: Golf Ball no longer speaking in all caps was an artistic decision and has no plot-bearing reason. You're welcome.